

Change wing

by Watcher in the dark

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Characters: Toothless

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2012-01-14 23:23:52

Updated: 2013-01-28 05:15:08

Packaged: 2016-04-26 13:12:25

Rating: T

Chapters: 16

Words: 16,081

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A hybrid dragon-boy named Jordan Falls is kidnapped by a government agent and is sent through a portal with two other hybrids. After accidentally killing Snotlout, Jordan is forced to find a way back home to save his friend and sister. Things will never be the same on Berk and in the modern world...

1. Chapter 1

Chapter 1

Okay, for all you doubters, this is Jordan Falls. Yes, my name showed up on the news because I had unknown DNA in my blood, and yes, this is reason is why the paranoid scientists are chasing me around the country with highly armed security forces.

My story begins in an orphanage. I was left there by my mom or dad, and I've lived there since I was really little. The place wasn't much to look at, it was in an old, run-down, brick building filled with boys and girls of all ages (the youngest were around two or three years old). I'm hovering somewhere between thirteen and fourteen years old, but did that stop crazy scientists from poking me with needles? See, ever since I was born, I could turn into a dragon. Shocking, right? The government is after me, they've been after me since I was six. Word got through to the government when I had to get my shots and get a blood test. Apparently, the doctors thought I had a disease and needed treatment. They were half right. When, I get mad my eyes narrow into paper thin slits. Everybody thinks I'm a freak, well almost everyone, my sister. She's around four years old and her full name is Annabelle-Martin Falls. She's like me, and we share the same navy blue eyes and largish ears. I'll find her, I have to. Here's a description of what's really been happening for the past three weeks. The only other person I've told is my best friend, John. He was pretty freaked out the first time he saw me transform.

"C'mon Jordan, it's time to get up!" said John "You don't want Ms.

Rail to get so mad her face turns purple and she yells so loud we all go deaf, do you?" That's John, he's my best friend in this prison of an orphanage. Ms. Rail is our school principal and our self-proclaimed "savior", even though the only thing she's saving is the checks the city sends her for retirement. "John, Jordan, get your lazy, no-good, rear ends down here!" the PA blared. We both groaned, knowing the PA system ran through the girls' bedrooms as well as ours. Since, we both knew this was going to be a LLOONNGG weekend, starting with our names at the top of the morning gossip list. We normally try to keep low profile around the girl's table, but seeing Ms. Rail in all her four-ton glory, I knew after we got into the orphanage's cafeteria, that this was not going to go unnoticed. When John and I, finally made it to Ms. Rail's office, there she was, flabby arms crossed, and beady eyes glittering. We walked with our heads down, hoping to avoid being noticed by the fifty girls sitting at their table. John and I might as well as asked for forgiveness for spray painting Ms. Rail's statue. We had spray painted our opinions of her choice make-ups and hair spray. Even when she's singlehandedly depleting the ozone with her hairspray, Ms. Rail is always trying to find a way to throw us both into prison. "When we walk by the girl's table, act casual, and please don't call attention to yourself." I said to John as we walked towards the cafeteria. "Don't worry, dude." John whispered "I'm not that stupid, and besides, it's not like we put a snapping turtle in her bathroom. Again." John said, straight-faced. I tried not to snort with laughter, remembering when actually had put a snapping turtle in her bathroom; Ms. Rail couldn't sit down for weeks. "Alright, you know the drill. Just walk into the cafeteria, get our breakfast, and sit down where we always sit. As we neared the doors to the cafeteria, I noticed that it was completely deserted. "Jordan, are you out there?" Ms. Rail screeched. I walked, shamefaced, to her office on the other side of the cafeteria. When I entered her office, I noticed that a gaunt, pale man in a lab coat was sitting in a chair across from Ms. Rail's desk.

"The paperwork has been filled out, and signed by my employer." The man said. I froze. I knew that voice, the man with his back turned to me had taken my sister. I nearly ran out of the room screaming my head off, but before I got a chance, the man reached back stabbed my arm with a syringe. I winced before I fell over onto the floor "Dr. Naas has kindly agreed to take you off my hands. The consequences of resisting will be severe if you do not allow him to study you and your sister." Ms. Rail said with a smile on her face that could have raised goose bumps on a corpse. "Leave her out of this!" I yelled, hoping to get John to realize I was in way over my head. Just as I hoped he would, John burst into the room. "Jordan what's going on!" John's voice trailed off at the sight of the man that had dragged my sister kicking and screaming into the car. "Run, John." I rasped just before I collapsed onto the floor.

When I finally awoke, I heard a dull thrumming noise above me and I was tied up and gagged. The situation couldn't have been much worse. Suddenly the door to my cell burst open, to burly men wearing gas masks and carrying a cage walked to the corner of my cell and stood at attention. Another man walked into the room carrying a figure who was bound and gagged. "You will obey us or your friend and your sister will be eliminated." The man said "After you our top agent you will be next."

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CLIFFHANGER! I had to keep youguys coming back.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2

(AN: I've been having technical difficulties so no flames please. And I'm still open to suggestions if anyone cares!)

Okay, now I KNEW we were in trouble. Not only had my best friend been dragged into this, but my sister too! The door to our holding cell slid open and the same man who had taken me here stood in the doorway. "In." he said, holding a rather large cage out for me. I glanced at John, who just shrugged, "Better you than me." I could have SLUGGED him. "Get in or I will shoot your friend and your sister's fingers off one by one," he said, looking rather frustrated at my hesitation. I reluctantly got into the cage. Half dragging me, he put on top a golfcart-like vehicle. As we sped down the hallways we passed cages filled with dragons of all shapes and sizes, all with surgical scars. The dragons were either banging their cages or sulking quietly in a corner. I could have cried when I saw the limp body of a black dragon (AN: Anybody know who it is? Hint: TOOTHLESS!) not unlike me when I was transformed. The man seemed to sense my distress when he heard me cry out in shock when I passed the still dragon. "That dragon is not dead, it has only been sedated." He said. "Why are you doing this to them? What have they done to you?" I said. "They are a threat," he replied dully "and threats must be dealt with." I was shocked to say the least; he had issued a death threat so casually to a dangerous looking, yet innocent animal. Slowly, my fear and empathy for the dragons drained out, leaving boiling fury. Suddenly, I felt my body begin to change. Wings began sprout from my back and silver dollar sized scales erupted all over my body. I had become a dragon, and right in front of a scientist. "Very interesting, you will have to meet the other hybrids." Others like me? This was going to be very interesting. "I will put you in a cage with the others," my captor said as we neared a door "Try not to get killed." As he slid my cage off the cart, he put my cage against a smaller metal door and flipped a switch on the side of my cage. All of a sudden the far side of my cage began moving forward against the metal wires of my cage. Acting quickly the man flicked a switch on the door and the wires fell to the ground. When the door finally opened and I had been pushed through the door, snarling all the way, I found myself in an open area. There was no sky, just a large metal dome, obviously so I and the other hybrids couldn't escape. Except for the metal dome, this place could have easily been a forest in Canada somewhere. "Hey guys, I think the lab coats dropped another one of us off!" a voice shouted. Rolling onto my side I saw a girl, not much younger than me, looking at me with wide eyes. I don't what got a hold of me, I just decided to make a break for it. Bounding through the trees, tail flying behind I ran to the edge of forest only to meet a metal wall. "HEY, Sherlock we all want out to," the girl replied from behind me, "So calm down okay." I slowly turned around hoping it wasn't a trick. She took a step closer, to close. I snarled at her, hoping she didn't know I wouldn't hurt her. She stopped in her tracks and smirked "I'll wait here as long as I need, you aren't going anywhere" she said "And, besides, I could use the company." I just growled. "I'll bet they are going to send us to a zoo in a couple weeks." What was she talking about? They weren't going to send us to any zoo, we were freaks of nature to them, not

kids with their own dreams and feelings. "I know," she said, seeing my skeptical look, "I would just prefer it over just having other dragons like you and me." I sighed, this was going to be a very long, not to mention one sided conversation, if I didn't change back into a human. Slowly, my body shrank and my wings started to disappear, the girl just raised an eyebrow. I was wearing a hoody about three sizes to big and jeans so baggy that I had to roll the waistband back about three times back. "What?" I demanded "When did you get here and why are you bothering me?" The girl just looked at me strangely, "You didn't change all the way back." I really hoped she was joking but with one look at my reflection in the polished metal plates of the wall behind me, I saw my problem. My scales hadn't disappeared and my eyes were still their dragon green coloring. "This is not good. When the lab coats see you, we are all in trouble." I couldn't help but wonder where the others were. "Who else is there?" Immediately she stuck out her hand and said "I'm Gretchen." I shook her hand, "Jordan, Jordan Falls." She looked at me strangely "Okay, Mr. James Bond." I groaned, this was going to take awhile.

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(AN: Okay if anybody wants to review this go ahead, if not thenâ€| screw you. I wrote this so others could read it and PLEASE review! I'll give you a virtual birthday cake!

DISCLAIMER: I do not own HTTYDâ€|yet.)

3. Chapter 3

Chapter 3

Gretchen just stood there, waiting for me to do something. "What is your problem?" I asked. "I'll take you to meet the others," she said "but don't do anything stupid." I decided not to reply. As we walked through the forest, we came to a clearing. "Guys, come on out," she hollered, "there's someone here to see you!" Gretchen and I waited about ten minutes before a boy that looked about nine or ten, emerged from the bushes. "What do you want now, Gretchen?" he asked. "I found someone, looks like the lab coats dropped another one of us off." The boy seemed upset all of a sudden. "Oh great now they are going to open the portal!" he yelled, "They are going to throw us all in like they did to that little girl!" I was pretty sure that the little girl in question was my younger sister. "How old was she," I asked, "and what are saying about this portal?" The boy just looked at me like I was going to save him from this place, "After a couple off years here, death is preferable to living here," he said dejectedly, "I've been here five years and they've just thrown me in here like I was trash, they've cut me open with out sedating me and even have water boarded me to see how long I can hold my breath." I felt so sorry for this kid he must have been horribly scarred throughout his 'life' here. "Now they are going to open the portal, they said once they had seven of us, they would send all of us through." A soon as he said this, a swirling black hole erupted a few feet away. As we were sucked in, I heard Gretchen screaming as she fell into the portal and the kid laughing maniacally as he jumped in after her. "I hope this is worth it." I muttered as I plunged in after them. As I fell through the black hole, I felt myself begin to lose consciousness, I tried to stay awake but the more I fought the harder it became to stay awake. I suddenly felt ground beneath me and collapsed into a

heap.

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When I finally awoke, I decided it would be best to search in dragon form. As soon as I was finished changing, I saw a two legged, blue and gold dragon run past me roaring. It was then followed by the biggest man I had EVER seen, he was wearing a horned helmet and a green tunic with leather pants and boots. "Come back," he yelled "come back you overgrown lizard!" As I slowly backed away, I stepped on dry twig which alerted the man to my presence. "Is that you Toothless?" he asked. I just looked at him strangely, who was Toothless? "Hey, Dad?" a voice came from the trees behind me, "Did you see that Deadly Nadder run by, I think that one was wild." When I slowly turned around, I saw a boy, about my age behind me.

"Toothless, is that you?" he asked. For the love of God and all that was good, who was Toothless? Suddenly, heard the large man gasp, "Son, that is not Toothless, he has both his tailfins!", he said, "run and get the others!" As he ran away through the woods, I saw the boy's father studying me with a strange expression. I decided it would be best not to turn back into my human form for the moment. As the boy returned with several other teenagers, one was a girl that looked like she could be Gretchen's sister.

"Is this the wild Night Fury you told us about?" she asked, "because I don't think it's wild, its just sitting there." Another of the teens was a black haired boy with beefy hands and arms, "I got dibs on training it," he proclaimed loudly. I just rolled my eyes. It was obvious that this kid was the 'popular' one of the teenagers. Two more teens emerged from the bushes, probably twins, judging from the similar body shape and hair color. "You already have a dragon, Snotlout." the girl said, "Let someone else train the dragon."

The other twin just smiled, "Yeah, like me." The girl just looked at him strangely, "You already have one too, butt-elf." Good grief, I was getting a head ache listening to these numb skulls. I decided to leave and look for the others, the blue and gold dragon was probably Gretchen, so that left the mentally insane nine year old. When I tried to leave, the black haired teen blocked my path, "I'm going to train you," he said, "and you are going to listen to me." I snarled at him and continued on my way, but the kid just didn't quite get the message, he had grabbed my tail and was trying to hold me back. I would say I regret what I did, but when I think about it he deserved it, so I swiped with my claws and hit across the face. I was actually surprised when I saw him stumble back with blood from his face dripping through his fingers. "Snotlout, I don't think you should--"the blond girl began. All of a sudden a rock cracked across my head, sending stars shooting through my line of sight. I leaped, snarling like a demented cat, at the boy, pinning him to the ground. Just so he got the message that he was NOT training at him, I roared in his face. I slowly relaxed but this was what the boy was looking for, wriggling one of his arms lose, he punched me in my right eye, bruising it so horribly that it started to swell shut. That was it, I had was tired and angry, not to mention bruised, I blew an indigo bolt of fire at the boy, knocking him to his feet. When the boy didn't get back up, I heard the large man yell out in surprise and try to tackle me. I dodged it easily, hoping I could avoid the next one. As I started to retreat back into the forest, guilt eddied through me, had I really just killed him?

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Sorry, but I never really liked Snotlout. And I have a story to recommend to you guys, its called The Gene Corp War by Gen. Reaper. It is REALLY good.

4. Chapter 4

Chapter 4

YES! Two chapters in two days, that's good for me and my fans! I would like to thank Saphira and shruikan for putting flamer in his place, and Tagesh, and Toothless-the-nightfury for adding their creative support. Now enough of this mushy stuff lets finish the story!

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Had I really just killed that boy? If I had, then did that make me a murderer? I slowly backed away from the boy and his friends, trying to banish that image from my head. I couldn't dwell on that right now, I had to focus on saving my sister and John. Okay, now where did Gretchen go? My wondering was cut short by the blue and gold dragon tackling me from behind. I knew that Gretchen had probably seen what I had done and she was mad about it. I decided it would be best to transform back into my human form and explain all this. After I finished transforming, I finished explaining why I had done what I had done. She looked at me and squawked in my face. I hope she had understood. I thought about going back and seeing if that kid was alright, but decided against it. If they thought I was going to do the same to them, then I should probably lay low until the portal reopened. If Gretchen could transform, then the other hybrid could too. So what did his dragon form look like? Since he had probably gotten teleported to a different place then I was going to find him. Mentally insane or not, he was still like me and Gretchen.

When we had finally gotten ready to search for the other hybrid, the same blond girl who had warned, Snotlout I think, about throwing a rock at me came scrambling up the rocks we were sitting on with a fish. "Here," she said as she offered the fish to me, "I don't blame you for what you did. Just try to stay away from the village." I hesitantly took the fish from her, hoping it wasn't drugged or something. Suddenly an idea formed in my mind, what if I showed her we were humans, or at least half humans, and try to reason with them. I slowly changed into my human form, the girl's face changed from puzzlement to shock as she saw me shrink and my scales melt back into their pink skin. "My name's Jordan," I said as she slowly backed away, "please, I'm not going to hurt you!" When she didn't stop backing away, I realized that she about back right over the edge of the cliff Gretchen and I had been sunning ourselves on. Lunging forward, I grabbed her hand just as her feet left the ledge. "NO, NO, NO!" she screamed, "DO NOT LET GO!" I would have rolled my eyes if we weren't hanging off a two hundred foot drop. Suddenly, I felt Gretchen grab my feet in her mouth. I winced as her razor sharp teeth dug through my clothes and into my skin, drawing blood.

After we had finally pulled the girl off the ledge, she got up to run away but Gretchen blocked her path. "I think she wants to tell you something." I said. "Who are you and why did you save me?" she asked.

I smiled ruefully, "I couldn't be the cause of another death." The girl seemed to relax a little. "My name's Astrid, and you didn't kill Snotlout, you probably just knocked him out and broke most of his ribs." she said, trying to cheer me up. I decided it would be best to change the subject for the moment. "Gretchen," I said, "you can change back now." She shook her head. "Are you stuck?" I asked. She just nodded sadly. "Well, she could come back with me." Astrid said. Gretchen immediately perked up and nodded furiously. "Now that we have that settled, I could probably come back as I am right now, I mean it's not like look like a dragon." Astrid eyed me thoughtfully "Why not, but we will have to do something about you eye though."

"This isn't going to work!" I hissed, "when I meant sneaking into the village, I meant being all quiet and stealthy, not walking inside in broad daylight!" This plan was by far the worst plan I had ever heard of. I sure hoped Astrid knew what she was doing. "Hey Astrid," a strangely familiar voice rang through the street, "who's that sitting on the dragon next to you?" I nearly fell off of Gretchen, when I saw the boy who had mistaken me as Toothless. "My name's Jordan," I said, "I'm new here." The boy just seemed to ignore me and walked up to Astrid and whispered something in her ear. "He's WHAT?" she shouted. I froze hoping that they weren't talking what I thought they were talking about. "Yeah, Snotlout is dead." he said sadly. What had I done? WHAT HAD I DONE? I had killed, in self defense yes, but I had killed. When I had shot fire at Snotlout, I hadn't meant to kill, just protect myself.

Seeing the shocked look on my face, the red haired boy finally turned his attention to me. "Why are just sitting there with a shocked look on your face?" he asked. I jerked out of my trance "Sorry, I didn't know somebody just died." Astrid looked at me angrily "You killed him! You murdered him!" she shouted. The boy just looked lost, "No, that Night Fury killed him," he said, looking confused, "Are you alright Astrid?" Astrid kept glaring at me, "He IS that Night Fury, Hiccup!" I felt like I was going to throw up. "Stop, I said to wait before you told anyone." I said. Astrid suddenly screamed in rage and tackled me, trying to punch me in the face as I fell. What was with these people and tackling? I tried to push her off of me but she held on, still punching me. I knew what I had to do. I felt my spine lengthen and scales erupt all over my body. Hiccup stumbled back as he saw me go from human to a full grown dragon in just a few moments. I finally threw Astrid off of me, but before I could react, about twenty men ran up the street and tackled Gretchen and me. I fought as hard as I could, but no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't throw them off. Glancing to my right, I saw Gretchen in a similar position. Looping rope around my feet, one of the men tied my feet so tightly I couldn't feel my toes. After I had been tied up, another man looped a leather muzzle around my mouth, binding it so tightly I couldn't open my mouth. The last thing I thought before blacking out was that I had a strange feeling of déjà vu.

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OH SNAP! I think that I am subconsciously ending each chapter in a cliff hanger. But no worries, chapter five SHOULD be up by tomorrow. Read and review please!

Chapter 5

Wow, ten reviews, I didn't know this helped so much. As for cliff hangers, Bat-dove, I'M TRYING OKAY! It's so weird I have this subconscious urge to end all of my stories with cliff hangers. I also am having trouble with spacing and all that junk. If anyone wants to beta this I will gladly accept. I am going to have to stop posting every day now because of school, so expect one every other day in the week and every day on the weekends.

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Man, this was so unfair, what is it with people and dragon hybrids? They are either trying to kill us or put us in labs and poke us with VERY long needles. I'm not sure what Gretchen was thinking, but I'm pretty sure she was thinking something along the same lines. When I opened my eyes, I found it a struggle just to keep my open. I groaned, realizing that I had been drugged.

"Ah, the dragons are awake." A voice said. I glanced at Gretchen, who just gave me a bleary-eyed stare down. Yeah, yeah, I had gotten us into another mess, out of the frying pan and into the fire I suppose. Beside me Gretchen yawned and tried stretching her wings, only to find her wings tied down to her sides with a thick chain. If I hadn't been in the same position, I would've laughed at the perplexed look on her face.

"Where is it, were is the dragon that killed my son?" a voice sounded from behind the thick metal and wood door, "When I get my hands on that dragonâ€|" his voice trailed off, letting the threat hang in the air. I winced, knowing that Snotlout's father would probably exact his revenge on me and Gretchen.

Suddenly, the door to our holding cell opened and a man who looked a lot like Snotlout, his father most likely, stormed in. Oh no, he was going to go after GRETCHEN, not me.

Gretchen gave the man a menacing hiss, the man would have none of it though. Walking forward with an angry scowl on his face, he walked straight up to Gretchen and punched her in the face. There was no way she was going to be able to take another hit like that, but the man didn't seem to realize this. He kept hitting her until she was out cold, and then moved on to me.

I struggled in vain as he moved closer, drawing back his fist as he drew nearer. "This is for my son." He said as he punched me, not once but three times at the base of my skull. Knowing that I would be able to last a little longer than Gretchen on account of my thick scales, I did my best not to black out. The man seemed to realize my thick scales were shredding his hands to a bloody pulp, grabbed a short, serrated knife and jammed it through my left foot.

I roared in pain as he worked the knife deeper into my foot until the tip came out of the bottom. "I think I will leave this in here for right now." He said as he picked up a hammer and started to impale the knife into the wooden frame that held my harness to the stone floor. The extreme pain was enough to make me screech in pain and rage. For Gretchen's sake though, I had to remain conscious, if I blacked out the man might do the same thing to her.

As my vision began to blur, I felt the knife pass clean through my foot. I closed my eyes and did my best to ignore the pain. But before the man could do any thing else, a large explosion knocked the door off of its hinges and a two headed dragon came running in. Before the man could react, one of the heads grabbed Snotlout's father and threw him into the wall with a sickening crack. The dragon's body started to shrink and convulse until it left a nine year old grinning a crazed smile.

"Did you really think that I was going to leave you both behind?" he asked, still grinning like the Cheshire cat. Gretchen, hearing the sudden explosion jerked awake. "C'mon let's get out of here, the hybrids won't be able distract the other Vikings for long." He said suddenly serious.

Another dragon stormed in, this time a scarlet dragon with spines all the way down its back. The dragon growled what sounded like a warning. The boy nodded, "He says that he will guide you through the town and onto a boat, from there he and another hybrid will take you somewhere safe.

Gretchen nodded, I however, was too delirious with pain to do anything else other than blink. The red dragon carefully blew fire on Gretchen's chains, softening them until they could be bent easily. Grasping the bar that held her chains in place, he gingerly worked it free.

When he had freed me, we left our cell and entered a large arena. "This is where we part paths," the boy said, "I will rejoin you with the other hybrids on Red Death island." The scarlet dragon nodded and led us through a maze of streets and houses. Sounds of fighting and distant roars could be heard echoing across the cobblestone streets. A man crossed the street behind us, we froze until we were sure he had gone. The scarlet dragon snarled and jerked hi head to a small flotilla of ships clustered in a small bay beneath the village.

"THERE THEY ARE!" a shout rang through the street's narrow confines, "DON'T LET THEM ESCAPE!" A group of about twenty men were running down the street towards us. If we were caught then we might have to go through the torture we endured again, maybe something worse this time.

Breaking into a run, Gretchen and the scarlet dragon bounded down the street, leaving me struggling to catch up with them. As we neared the harbor, the scarlet gestured towards a small boat. As we jumped aboard another dragon, this time a snake-like dragon slithered down to the dock after us, taking a moment to cut the rope holding us to the dock with her knife like teeth before jumping aboard. As we started to set sail, the boy and two other dragons landed on the ship. As all of us except Gretchen returned to our human forms, I gasped in pain. The boy looked seemed to remember that we still didn't know the other dragons' names.

"That's June," he said, pointing at the snake like dragon, "Ty, Luke, and Crusoe." They each nodded in return. "We will reach Red Death island in about five hours try to get some rest, Crusoe, bandage and cauterize Jordan's wound." Crusoe smiled at me, and produced a roll of bandage from one of the cargo crates. Crusoe also took a cigarette

lighter from his pocket and handed me a pencil. "What's this for?" I asked. "Bite it, I don't want to have you screaming in my ear." He said with a smirk on his face. I took the pencil and bit down, Crusoe took the lighter and burned my still bleeding hand's skin closed, I bit down hard on the pencil, hoping that the pain wouldn't last long. I sighed with relief as he flicked off the lighter and bandaged my hand.

"Alright, all thereof you get some rest, we have a long day ahead of us tomorrow" the boy said, "My, name's Brett by the way."

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There you are, one cliff hanger free chapter, Bat-dove! And I did my best with the spacing and speech. I'm doing this entirely through improve just to let you know. ;) This chapter was around a thousand words, so it was pretty long compared to the others!

6. Chapter 6

Chapter 6

I think I'm going to add a little plot twist here, and by little I mean a BIG. :)

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As we neared a large fogbank with three huge gargantuan stone spires, I noticed an old Viking ship had somehow gotten vertically impaled on a stone outcropping. The ship's tattered sails and tangled ropes hung limply from the shattered mast. As we ventured further into the dense fog, I noticed a large shape swimming beside us, "Guardians," Brett said in disgust, "They think they own the place." Crusoe looked on edge for what looked like the first time on the voyage.

"Stay away from the sides of the boat," he warned us, "Guardians can jump ten feet in the air." I turned to look behind us when a splash drew my attention, glancing quickly over the side; I saw a serpentine shape keeping pace with us. Before I could move back to the side of the boat, Crusoe tackled me to the deck, "Are you crazy?" he hissed as the shape dove back under the water, "You could have been eaten alive!" I shot him a withering look, "Nice to know you care." I said sarcastically.

"If you to 'gentlemen' are done bickering, I need some help landing the boat." June said, finally speaking out her opinion. Crusoe sighed and went back to steering the boat. I turned to face Gretchen who had been studying me. She squawked and looked at her feet, obviously embarrassed. I felt my face grow hot and started studying the wood railing on the deck as if it was the most interesting thing I had ever seen.

"We are here, everybody off," June shouted, "That goes for you to lovebirds as well!" Brett just cracked a smile, while the rest of the hybrids roared with laughter. (AN: Sorry, no pun intended. :)) I would have given all the gold in Fort Knox to evaporate on the spot. I turned to face the massive island looming before us. I heard Gretchen draw in a gasp at something she saw on the island. I turned and nearly fell over as well when I saw several hundred charred

wrecks rotting on the beach. And the worst was yet to come, the body of a huge dragon lay rotting on the beach. This dragon, in life, could have easily dwarfed a battleship.

"This was once the Red Death." Brett said, "The largest of its kind until the Vikings killed it. After the Red Death was defeated, the dragons went to live with the Vikings. Except us, every five years, a hybrid is born among dragons or humans. I am the only dragon-born among us in our present time period. I was born amongst the Zippleback clan. And though our kind is rare, I was shunned and driven out of our clan. For years, I wandered through the Rockies. I had to steal to survive, be it from skiers or from campsites. Soon word got through to the government, they converged on my location and forced me to flee my mountain home. I soon discovered the plains of Kansas that was my mistake." I felt a pang of guilt when I thought about how easy I had lived as Brett continued his story.

"I often hoped they would kill me and dissect me, rather than continue poking and injecting me with needles. After they had cut me open so many times, I began to lose what little sanity I had left. They must have observed my erratic behavior and decided they would focus on why I had been found where I was. I don't know why, but I told them that my kind had come from a portal somewhere in Alaska. Believe it or not, what I told them had actually happened. They managed to duplicate the portal they found and after a series of test subjects went through and never came back, they discovered that the portal would vaporize all DNA that was not somehow related to dragons."

Brett seemed to recall the deaths of the test subjects rather fondly, too fondly. As he finished his story on how he had been sent back and forth through the portal, he explained that the government was trying to synthesize dragon DNA and send capture teams to collect all of the dragons on and around Berk.

"The government," he explained, "doesn't like loose ends." June nodded in agreement, "I was six when they took me, they killed my father when he was trying to protect me from the men who were trying to kidnap me," her eyes were starting to tear up, "I ran and ran and ran until I couldn't run anymore. After a lying down to sleep on the forest floor, a pack of hungry wolves decided that I would be their next meal. I killed them all with my bare hands, but not without a price, after being hunted like an animal, I released all my rage and sadness on the wolves. When I had killed all of the wolves except a small wolf that looked as if it had just grown into an adult, I let it live, but my trust was my downfall."

Tears were flowing freely down her cheeks now, "The wolf I had spared pounced the moment my back was turned, it severed the tendons in my left leg," she explained, rolling back her pant leg to show us a hideous bite mark, "I didn't kill the wolf, but I fractured its spinal cord leaving it paralyzed. About an hour later, a group of hunter found the bodies of the wolves and soon realized the one I had not killed was alive. I had decided to reveal myself."

She was sobbing quietly as she continued, "They took me to an orphanage were I lived with three hundred other girls, all packed into a single campsite. The cabins we lived in were little more than shacks with three sets of bunk beds crammed inside. My best friend and I planned to escape the dreadful place. If we were caught, we

would have been confined to our cabins for three days. We managed to pull it off, but by the time we had made it to the American-Mexican border, we had been reported as runaways, wanted for theft."

She stopped for a moment to sniffle her nose before continuing, "We were caught by the border patrol, I transformed into a dragon so we could escape them and cross the border, but my friend was horrified. She abandoned me in the desert, with border patrol on our heels she picked up sharp stick and threatened to slit my throat if they did not let us cross, they reluctantly complied. But as we were crossing the river, a sudden current caught us and carried us down stream. As we were washed further down the river, I caught the faint sound of rushing water, when we finally came to the waterfall, my so called best friend told me to transform and save us both. I transformed, but did nothing to save her. She had turned on me, USED me, now she wanted my help. I leaped off the waterfall, flying to safety, but I did nothing but watch as my former friend plunged down the waterfall."

She shivered, but not from the cold as Gretchen's kept her warm as she leaned against it, "As she fell, she said that she would haunt me for the rest of my life and never let me forget what I had done. When her mangled body washed past me, I snagged it. I thought that if I buried her body, it would keep her from haunting me. I should have just left to rot in the river, the border patrol soon found me, weeping because of the death I had caused."

If I had been betrayed by John like that would I want to save him? I didn't know, I hoped I would never have to find out. She continued her story, leading up to the point when she had been captured and sent through the portal with the others. "What about you, Crusoe?" I asked, wondering what had happened to him. "What about me? I won't tell my story and I never will," his voice cracked, "I don't want to remember the past." he snarled.

"Okay, okay no need to be defensive!" I said, appalled that he had lashed out so quickly.

I guessed that he had been in worse situations than me or the others for that matter. "I second that." Luke said, obviously feeling the same way.

"I just love a good sob story, don't you Prefect?" A large man said as he emerged from the shadows, "You six, along with that pathetic little black dragon, will make an excellent addition to our circus, and if that doesn't suit you we can always force you to fight each other in the gladiator ring." Crusoe roared as he pounced at the large man, moving faster than the eye could follow, he dodged Crusoe and pinned him to the ground, "Now, son we wouldn't want you to disappoint your mother now would we? Prefect, I have a feeling that they will be cooperative if they see their friends tied up and held at sword point." he said as a thin man and several large men stepped out of the shadows and started to tie each of up before we had a chance to change into our dragon forms.

If looks could kill, the fat man would have had a heart attack from the look Crusoe was giving them. Smacking him across the snout, the man picked Crusoe up by his throat and said, "Your mother is going to be thrilled to see you."

â€|

OH NO! See I told you I would include a major plot twist! Oh and here's the list of dragons that the hybrids can transform into, Jordan: Night Fury, June: Skril, Crusoe: Monstrous Nightmare, Brett: Hideous Zippleback, Luke: Gronckle, Gretchen: Deadly Nadder, Annabelle: Night Fury (Only she's a white one not a black one). Hope this helped! Oh, and the Guardians are Shark Wyrms, they are NOT in the movie, they are in the third book of HTTYD.

7. Chapter 7

Chapter 7

Toothless awoke to find himself in a strange room, not Hiccup's room that was for sure. Memories came flooding back into his mind, he remembered being poked with a metal needle and passing out. He tried moving his towards the door, only to have pain shoot up his spine.

Growling in frustration, he looked back at his legs, the swollen tissue and skin was covered in stitches and surgical glue. Another pressing question came into his mind, where was Hiccup? A sudden jolt in the floor sent him reeling backwards as bottom of the room began to retract revealing a swirling black vortex, crackling with lighting and energy.

"Portal Number 196 initiated," a metallic voice said calmly, seeming to emanate from the ceiling, "Subject teleportation in twenty seconds." Toothless tried backing away from the now three foot wide gap that was growing in front of him, but his legs wouldn't work. He tried pushing himself backwards with his front feet until he touched the wall. The wall shocked him, burning his left leg badly.

"Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one, Subject teleportation complete." the voice droned. As Toothless fell into the portal, he felt his legs beginning to mend, soon he was sitting in a forest, and he was back on Berk.

â€|

Gretchen squawked, awakening me from my stupor. I sat up, confused that my bonds were gone. I turned and saw sitting next to me, she was probably just dreaming. I smiled, thinking how much she and my sister had in common, head-strong and determined just like Annabelle.

"Let's go, Jordan." Luke said, "Crusoe isn't going to rescue himself." When he had transformed into his battering ram of a dragon, I followed his lead.

"Brett went on ahead of us, he said he'll meet us at Berk." June said, "He's going to try and see if he can reason with the Vikings, I'm following Crusoe whether or not Brett approves." I was going to have to tease her about that later. Now what? I thought I was the reason the Vikings were so pissed off at us and I was going to make amends for it, even though I probably wouldn't have much of a choice in the matter.

After we had finally prepared for the trip back to Berk, we saw numerous Viking war ships on the horizon. Where was Brett? Had the negotiations failed?

I got my answer when a swarm of arrows, launched from the boats, headed towards us. Dodging the arrows the best we could, we gained altitude and brought ourselves out of range of the arrows. We had to find Crusoe and June, Brett could take care of himself! I hoped.

â€|

Hiccup ran through the docks with a young kid, who looked about nine or ten years old Fishlegs, Astrid, Ruffnut and Tuffnut running close behind. Astrid looked near hysterical and she came very close to killing the boy who was now leading him and the others across the docks.

"My name is Brett, now go and get your dragons." As Ruffnut and Tuffnut turned to leave Brett said, "Not you two, I can carry two people on my back and you're the lucky duo." Seeing the skepticism on their faces, he flashed them a grin and began to change into his dragon form, a Hideous Zippleback, just like the twins had at home.

"Guess that's why he's so bipolar." Tuffnut whispered to Ruffnut. Brett's right head snarled at him while Brett's left head allowed him to climb onto his neck.

â€|..

Crusoe awoke to find himself in a metal cage with his arms tied behind him. The door to his cell creaked open and a heavy-set man grabbed his shirt and collar with his hands and carried him out of his cell and into a vast dining hall.

"Please, sit son," Crusoe's father said from across the table, "your mother and I have decided to give you a chance to redeem yourself." A girl who looked about fifteen entered the hall, "Crusoe!" she screeched, "How wonderful to see you!" Crusoe gave her a harsh look, he wished the diva could go and find someone who actually had interest in her. But, no. She had gone for the ONLY person who didn't seem to like her.

"I'm so glad to see you!" she said, "We can finally go on that date we planned!" Crusoe let contempt color his thoughts, "For starters, you planned that date, and second, I have no interest in you whatsoever."

Her smile finally melted off her face, "Well too bad because mine and your parents have agreed to an arranged marriage, and there is nothing you or your freak of a girlfriend can do about it."

Crusoe picked up a knife from the table and threw it across the room, pinning his self proclaimed 'girlfriend' to the chair by the sleeve. "I will never marry you. Never." he growled in a low tone, to the girl it would have been less scary if he had yelled it.

His father stood up and clapped Crusoe on the shoulder and steered him away from the table. "I don't love her, I love June." Did he

really just admit that out loud?

"You are marrying her and there is nothing you can do about it!" his father hissed, "She's the daughter of the emperor, and she marries whom she chooses. If you don't marry her and go after some freak dragon-girl, how do you think that will make me look?"

"Don't know, don't care, there are thousands of boys in Rome. She can pick anyone but me." he snarled. His father was only using him to get political and economic advantage within the Senate of Rome.

A loud explosion overhead snapped his father into action, "Brutus, take my son to the dungeons and guard him with your life." A large centurion suddenly appeared next to him and dragged him down to the farthest dungeon from the surface.

For such a large man, Brutus seemed on edge, probably because that was no ordinary explosion that type of blast could only be caused by a Night Fury. Smiling to himself, he drew a knife he had swiped from the banquet hall and started to cut himself loose as he sat in the corner of his cell.

â€|

"They just keep coming," Hiccup yelled somewhere off to my right, June was flying next to him, yellow eyes shining with excitement. She snarled a warning as another large rock careened into view.

Laughter and taunts wafted up from the fort as June clipped the rock and tumbled several hundred feet before finally regaining control and altitude. Drawing in a breath, I dove towards the fort, gathering a fireball in the back of my throat.

When I had gotten range for the blast, I pulled back my wings and spat a swirling blob of violet and blue fire at the fort. The force of the explosion caused the outer wall of the fort ,and several smaller inner walls, to crumble and fall into the ocean.

When we landed, Brett took Ruffnut and Tuffnut who were still arguing about whether they had seen a breaching whale or not. Spotting an entrance to the building in front of us, June and I plunged into a maze of corridors and heavy wooden doors.

I transformed back into my human self, knowing that my large wings would make it hard to maneuver through tight spaces. June stayed in her form, her snake-like neck and small wingspan made it easy for her to move around in the tight corners and hallways.

We found a staircase that might lead to the lower levels of the fort and descended, not really caring where it went.

Soon we found ourselves a hallway lined with cells filled with all finds of weapons, from daggers to swords, and crossbows. I decided a crossbow would be worth taking so I grabbed one off the wall and found a quiver of bolts for it. Loading one onto the slide and pulling the rope through the trigger mechanism, I prepared for our long trek through the dungeons.

â€|

You have no idea how long it took to come up with this chapter idea! It was like typing through molasses! I had a really hard time focusing on this because I wanna buy Dead Space 2 so [bleep]in bad and my mom is one of those really self censoring people so I have like no chance of getting it. Whatevs, Pencils out.

8. Chapter 8

Chapter 8

Sorry about the long wait, I had a major case of writer's block and I bought a second generation iPod for FOURTY BUCKS! That kind of stopped me from writing. Remember how I said I wanted Dead Space 2? I sort of got my wish, I got it on my iPod!

Now, enough bragging about how awesome my life is let's finish this story!

â€|..

God, I felt like this day would never end! Let's seeâ€| I had been beaten up TWICE, had a knife driven through my hand and had been shot at by catapult. Not really your average day. We were about half-way through the dungeons, when all of a sudden a girl a little bit taller than June came running down the corridor next to us screaming her head off. Brett came past us in dragon form, roaring and hissing. June seemed to catch on when Brett growled something and transformed into a human and said, "She attacked me with a freaking knife yelling something about how I was weak and helpless, she regretted that about two seconds later." He had a nasty smile on his face, suggesting that he had chased her around the entire fort.

June just rolled her eyes and continued down the hallway. "Do you know what I would do to you if you weren't one of us?" I hissed, "Oh absolutely, massive amounts of pain, yada yada, certain death, etcetera." Brett seemed to know I wouldn't harm him unless I did it in self defense, maybe not even thenâ€|

We passed by a cell with a skeleton hanging in chains, pieces of festering meat and drops of stagnate blood were slowly falling off the rotting corpse. I shuddered when we saw a cell with the body of a boy about Brett's age, these Romans really hated Vikings. Brett seemed oblivious to the dead bodies in the cells and the blood covered floors. I turned and retched the few contents of my stomach when we passed several decapitated bodies piled in a corner. Screams of pain and suffering echoed through the corridors, dank with blood and many other unnamable liquids.

Until we rescued Crusoe, we were stuck here. Brett just kept humming an upbeat tune, he was insane at the very least. "I'm singing in the rainâ€|" I did my best to ignore him as we came to a locked door, Brett suddenly became very serious. "June we need to break down this door, quickly and quietly." Before June could open the door Brett transformed into his dragon, one of his heads blew green gas into it, he waited about three seconds, and then his other head blew sparks into it. A loud explosion resonated through the hall.

Brett turned back into his human form and gestured with a sweep of his arm, like a butler would. "Ladies and gentlemen, I welcome you to

the maximum security sector." Several dead Roman legionaries lay burning on the floor. "Guys, over here!" a voice yelled. "I'm up here!" That was Crusoe!

We made our way up the stairs and found him in a locked cell, I took a paper clip out of my pocket and started to pick the lock. June turned into her human form and hugged him through the bars, "I missed you." she said, Crusoe smiled at her, "Let's get out of here!" I yelled, "The door's open just give it a shove!"

"Get away from him!" a feminine voice screeched. "Uh-oh, look's like Princess Numbskull is back." Brett whispered to Crusoe, Crusoe laughed out loud.

He stopped laughing when the girl stepped out from behind the wreckage of the door Brett had blown open. "Eww, dead people!" she screeched and ran out the door. "Okaay, does anyone else smell a trap and/or beheading here?" I said suspiciously, "She probably went to go get a bunch of soldiers, we should leave, Hiccup and the others are waiting for us outside the fort."

"Agreed, we shouldn't hang around here any longer than we have to." June replied.

We set off down the hall, my hand itched in its bandage, I hoped it wasn't getting infected. My thoughts were interrupted, when Gretchen tensed and gave a roar.

Four seconds went by before a multitude of Roman dudes ran in, carrying spears and nets. The girl that had attacked Brett with a knife stepped out from the ranks of soldiers smiled.

"I don't like that smile, it looks too much like my smile!" Brett yelled, June kicked him in the shin. "Leaving so soon, boyfriend?" she said. "I'm not your boyfriend you stupid diva!" Crusoe yelled, wow he was pretty mad. In all my time knowing him, I had never seen him so angry.

"It's not like you have much of a choice in the matter," she argued, "I'm marrying you, and that's final!" June stepped forward, looking riled, "Uh- huh, he has a REAL girlfriend and that's me. Not you, me." Now the girl looked mad, "You will all come with me and my father. We are taking those Vikings and their dragons to Rome with us, I think we might have a little side show as well." Now I understood why the Vikings hated Romans so much and vice versa, the Vikings treated the dragons with respect (well most of them anyway) and the Romans, well, treated us like we were dumb brutes.

"Who says we are coming, I would really just prefer if we walked away right now and completely forgot about this-" June cut me off, "Go to hell, I will not become a circus freak, I will fight you forever before I ever allow you to cage me." Then Brett did the most random thing in the world, he picked a rock and yelled, "Shananananananana!" and threw it at the girl's head. The girl yelped and ducked just as it was about to wallop her between the eyes, "You missed!" she giggled. Brett just folded his arms and grinned, "I wasn't aiming for you." The minute he had said that, I did something that takes much longer to describe than it actually took. I leaped forward and grabbed a sword out of one of the guards' belt and somersaulted between another two.

Before the remaining guards could figure out what happened, I ran over to where the girl was standing and grabbed her, holding the sword up to her neck threatened I would slit her throat if they didn't let the Vikings and our group go. I guess they thought that I was serious, because they slid a key across the floor. June picked it up and we started down the hallway.

...

Toothless limped towards a source of light that looked like his the village he lived in, hopefully Hiccup would be waiting for him there. A loud whirring, made him pause and look up, a black shape, illuminated with blinking lights made its way across the night sky.

If Hiccup was with him they would have gone and checked it out. But since he wasn't here, then he would just have to wonder and dream until he was found.

His back legs were absolutely no use at all, as swollen and scarred as they were, he thought he would remember something like that.

Toothless gave a quick yelp of pain as he tried to drag himself under a tree. This was so frustrating; Toothless couldn't even change positions for sleeping. At the very least he could use his fore legs to rotate his body into a curled up posture.

Toothless sighed and laid his head on the ground, there was little to do except wait for help.

â€|

Well, there's chapter 8, sorry about the long update wait. My laptop got taken away, as did my Ipod and my kindle! Apparently, I missed a couple assignments for school and now I have a D in science. Then I subconsciously say I had my "make-up" work done. Old habits die hard, VERY hard. Now my parents don't trust me and to top it all off I have to do a stupid science project for a major project grade. ARGGGHHHHH! And my life was going so well a couple of days ago! Don't expect a lot of updates in the next couple of months. Wow, that was long.

Pencil, out.

9. Chapter 9

Chapter 9

Well, I'm backâ€| for now any way. Oh yeah, SwiftslashxLeafstorm was the ONLY one who actually took the time to give me a character idea. I think. So I guess I going to write this chapter and I'm writing a Dead Space cross over (no spoilers will be given for that story!). I've got the rough draft for the first couple chapters so that will be up in about a month. Here we go.

â€| .

We had done it. All of us had made it out alive; we had rescued Crusoe, and outwitted the Romans to boot (not really much of an accomplishment, if you ask me.). Now all we had to do was find out how the government was stealing dragons, where my sister was and why the Vikings were so pissed at us.

Okay, okay. I get that they are mad, no that's not the right word, they're enraged that I killed one of the people who fought against the Red Death. I guess they have a legitimate reason. Anywho, we were making our way up the corridor with our prisoner, when we decided that we were going to split up. Gretchen, Hiccup, and I were going to go find out where the government was stealing dragons from and Brett, Luke, Crusoe, June, and the Viking teens were going back to Berk to inform the Vikings that we were not the biggest threat around.

We reached the top of the stair way and continued moving through the fort. Any soldier we passed gave us a wide berth when they saw who we had with us. We made to the top of the roof and started to take off. Brett had decided that he was going to take our 'prisoner' to a nearby battlement and leave her there.

"We'll rendezvous at Red Death island, from there we will attack wherever the government is using as a base." June explained, "IF you find something, don't attack it on your own, wait for us." We all nodded, and set off towards the sunset.

â€|. .

It was a full week before we found anything, and when we did, it was BIG. There was a military complex on a large island about twenty miles away from Fort Sinister. It was on the coast, presumably so the ships docked there could export their "cargo". The first time we flew over it, they started up their alarms and bombarded us with their anti-aircraft guns. I took the liberty of destroying a few of them.

We set up camp about a mile away to avoid their patrols and airplanes. The island was volcanic, so we decided it was safe to light a fire. The only problem we had was the shortage of food.

I slept like a log that night; we set up watches in case of the likely discovery of our camp. When it was my turn for the watch, I heard gunfire and distant roaring. Sounded like the island contained a dragon nest somewhere, the only strange thing was that those sounded like MY roars. I decided to go investigate. I transformed into my jet-black dragon and padded over the rocks.

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I reached the point where I guessed was close to the racket, and sat down to watch. A loud crack and echoing yells came from a cave about thirty yards to my left. My surprise turned to shock when a girl who looked about fifteen tumbled out of the cave and rolled onto the rocks below the cave. She didn't get up, didn't even twitch.

"Get up, you're not getting out of this." a voice came out from the cave, and a squad of what looked like SWAT troopers marched out, led by a guy who would have made pro wrestlers run for momma. This dude was at least six and a half feet tall, he wore aviator sun glasses, leather combat boots and had a shotgun strapped to his back.

He walked over to where the girl was lying and gave her a hard kick in the side. Her loud cry knocked me out of my trance, but I knew I would have to wait before I saved her. Those guys would blast me apart before I even went ten yards.

I changed my mind about waiting when the big guy ordered his troops to shoot her. They were going to execute her right here, right now. So much for justice and liberty, more like if you have special powers you die! I jumped onto the big guy just as he was about to give them the order to fire. He threw me off, and while I was still recovering from shock.

No. I would not be captured and experimented on again. While he was trying to hold me down and draw his shotgun off his back, I blew a bolt of blue fire into him. The blast not only knocked him off my chest but sent several of the nearby soldiers reeling.

Taking advantage of their momentary distraction, I retracted my teeth and gently scooped the girl in my jaws and took off. A bullet whizzed by my ear just as I banked to the left. These guys were pretty pissed off at me, they shot bullet after bullet at me.

A lucky shot grazed one of my legs and left a trail of blood on it. I was going to have to explain all this to Gretchen and the others when I got back.

â€|. .

Toothless listened intently for any signs of people, he let out a frustrated sigh when he didn't hear any. Not only was he lost, but hurt as well, he was going to be here a while.

â€|. .

There's chapter 9! I need help people! Send character and/or plot ideas via PM or review!

You see that button down there? If you press it, it makes me write better! See the pretty button?

10. Chapter 10

Chapter 10

Yeah okay. I didn't update for awhile and I have been busy with school and little brothers. Soâ€|. I'm going to write a Dead Space and Spyro the Dragon crossover. Without further delay, Chapter 10!

Disclaimer: BLA BLA BLA

â€|

"Who is THAT?" Gretchen yelled as I landed, "You, Jordan Falls, have some explaining to do!" Good grief, I figured she would be mildly upset at worst! I mean, it'sâ€|. I think I just realized why she was so mad! Competition for ME! I didn't want to believe it, but it all makes sense, she thought that I was bringing another piece to the

playing board, if you catch my meaning.

"Some people from the government outpost were going to execute her," I explained, "I couldn't just sit there and do nothing!" Seeing that she was about to argue that SHE would have done nothing, I turned to Hiccup who had been stoking the fire and watching the girl, "Hiccup, we need to get her to safety," I said, "Troops from the base will be here soon."

He nodded, "I'll go get ready."

We soon were ready to leave the island around twenty minutes later. We were going to fly around the base instead of directly over it now that we had an injured person riding with Hiccup.

â€|

Crusoe waited outside the door of June's cabin; waiting for her to finish preparing for the banquet that was going to be held in three hours. When, June stepped out of the cabin, Crusoe felt his mouth go dry. June was wearing a beautiful dress and had her hair braided in a small circlet with small pieces of grass woven in between. June sat down on the wooden bench on the porch of the log cabin the Vikings had given her to stay in. She waved at Crusoe, who managed a small smile.

"You look great, June." Crusoe said without thinking, the words were out of his mouth before he had thought it through. He leaned against the back of the bench and was surprised when June leaned against him, this is how it should be, we should be living the life of normal teenagers, not being locked up and having experiments performed on you that border on torture...

"Crusoe... will we ever be able to escape from this living nightmare?" June whispered, tears forming in her eyes, "We will never have a normal life." This much he knew, even if the government was exposed, it would likely deny all accusations. And without solid evidence, the accusations would be called lies. Lies that could easily be punishable for. Crusoe realized that if they were to expose the government, then they would have to reveal themselves to the world. If people found out that the government was keeping secrets of this magnitude from common people, there would be riots in every major city.

"June, we are destined for so much more than an ordinary life." Crusoe chose his words carefully, "Ordinary people dream of being special, extraordinary people dream of being normal." June sighed and looked up at him with her pale, yellow eyes. Crusoe returned her gaze with a warm smile, "After all, it's how we use the gifts we have been bestowed with, not if we have them or not." With that, he leaned forward and kissed her gently on the lips.

â€|

This was sort of a filler chapter and Chapter 11 will have more action! I promise.

Chapter 11

Okay, here we go. I needed to have a romance chapter, so I put all that jazz into chapter 10. SO Here is a somewhat romantic and somewhat action packed chapter. ENJOY! (and review)

â€|

It took us a while to prepare for a trip back to Berk, but we finished preparing and removing any trace of our campsite. Hiccup sat on my back while we flew to Berk. He tried to keep a one sided conversation going with Gretchen, but was having limited success. After all, it's pretty hard to have decent length conversation when all you can ask are yes/no questions.

"Jordan, do you think Toothless is okay?" Hiccup asked, "I know he can take care of himself, but I worry that he will get himself into trouble." I shot him a quizzical look, not being able to communicate in dragon form could be rather frustrating sometimes. We, as dragon hybrids, were unable to communicate with each other unless it was to hybrids of the same dragon species, and since we none of our little group were the same species, we could not communicate.

"There it is!" Hiccup shouted gleefully, pointing at a green bump that had appeared on the horizon. I was in for a rough week.

â€|

When we landed, we received mixed reactions about our presence on Berk. Some cheered when they saw Hiccup, others just stared at us, and some even spat at our feet and stormed off. They had a legit reason I suppose. We continued walking down the street and decided to transform into our human forms so we would be less conspicuous. The injured girl tumbled off my back when I had finished transforming. I had forgotten she was with us. She groaned and sat up, blinking like an owl.

"Ugh, I feel like I just banged my head on a door frame," she stopped and looked around for a moment and a fearful expression worked its way onto her face, "Where am I? The guards, the other dragons..." She burst into tears and started crying on my shoulder. Gretchen did not look happy, with her eyes narrowed and a low rumble in the back of her throat, she looked like she was going to tear someone apart. Oh my God, she was so jealous.

"You are safe now." I told her, "Nobody is going to hurt you." Gretchen gave me the evil eye. I ignored it. Several of the villagers who were drawn by the commotion, muttered something about how they WOULD hurt her if she stepped out of line. Jeez, I wished they would lay off the threats until she at the very least got to know Brett, Crusoe, June, me, and Gretchen.

"C'mon, Jordan we have to go meet June and the others at the cove. " June said, even she was put off a bit by what was transpiring on the street, "Hiccup is already waiting for us."

â€|

Toothless awoke to voices, unfamiliar voices, but voices nonetheless.

He knew that it could be Vikings or Romans. Hopefully Vikings. He gave out a loud roar, several shouts followed, and lo and behold, Hiccup came running up the hill with a look of pure happiness on his face. Hiccup's face turned from happiness to concern and worry when he saw Toothless' legs.

"Hey Hiccup what's with all the ruckus?" a strangely familiar voice shouted up the hill, "June is waiting!" The speaker hurried up the hill. Toothless did not recognize the speaker, but he did know the girl limping behind him. His sister, the young hybrid, he had not seen her in a long time. In fact, he had thought she was dead, but here she was. When his mother had learned she was part human, she had driven her out of the cave his family had shared. He had been too young to understand that she would have been the cause of his family's exile from the Night Fury clan if she wasn't left to die on some forsaken island.

Her cry of "Brother!" and her tackling him in a joyful hug was not what he would have expected.

â€|

Okay, I wasn't sure what to make of this. We had found Hiccup's dragon, and apparently this girl was a dragon hybrid. (I honestly don't know why I felt otherwise.) I was guessing she was a dragon-born, but she and Brett wereâ€ oh no, the next dragon hybrid would be born in the modern world. And within the next month, the government would kidnap the baby from its parents and subject it to horrible tests. We had to get back soon.

â€|.

TA-DA! There is chapter 11. Oh, SwiftslashxLeafstorm has been given me great character and plot ideas. PLEASE REVIEW!

12. Chapter 12

Ch 12

I hope I didn't take too long to updateâ€ This is just going to be another filler chapter because I have a new story idea and I need to work on Sacrifices and Saviors soon.

â€|..

Ah, Berk, Home of the Vikings, their dragons, and a ragtag group of dragon hybrid teenagers. Things could be worse, though, I'm not sure how. We had been given cabins on the far side of the island, away from the Viking homes. I guess they still didn't trust us, or probably me. For the millionth time, I wondered if John was okay. He had been stuck in that cell for a week now. If he wasn't already deadâ€|

"Hey! Jordan! Open up! I need to talk with you!" Gretchen was yelling at me from the other side of the door for me to come and talk to her, she wasn't exactly thrilled that our newest addition to our little group was also had a crush on me. Girls could be a pain sometimes; they really, really didn't understand the fact that some people like me can't stand to play favorites. So, I had taken to avoiding them

both.

I quietly and quickly opened the back door of the cabin and sneaked outside. That could have ended badly. I suddenly heard footsteps by the side of the house. Why couldn't she just leave me alone? Was it so hard for her to understand that I didn't want to play this little love game right now?

Transforming into a Night Fury is rather hard under pressure, so I waited until I was so far back in the woods, that I couldn't see the cabin. When I finally found a clearing, I transformed into a Night Fury and took to the air. Gretchen would be able to see me if I flew below the clouds on my way to the place Hiccup had nicknamed "the cove". It would be the best place for me, not only because Gretchen hadn't figured out exactly where it was, but because I also wanted to talk with Hiccup.

I figured Hiccup would know what to do because he might know what to do in this situation. He had a girlfriend, but he also had another chick trying to get him to like her.

A sudden gust of wind suddenly blew me higher than I needed to go. Oh well, at least I could enjoy the ride.

â€|

I had been flying for what seemed like three hours, but since I didn't have a watch, there was no certain way of knowing besides counting out the individual seconds. When the clouds finally cleared, I saw a fleet of ships. Not wooden Viking ships, but modern battleships, aircraft carriers, destroyers, patrol boats, you name it.

They had come for us.

â€| .

Bum, Bum, BUUUMMMâ€|. Yep that was a rather short chapter, but I needed to make sure you guys knew I was still alive. It had to be short because I need to work on my new story idea and Sacrifices and Saviors. Read and review please!

13. IMPORTANT MESSAGE!

Have you heard! The owners of FanFiction are planning on taking down stories that have lemons! Apparently, they don't believe that stories that have such mature stuff should be allowed. Its not our fault that such things are interesting to us. If they wanted to do something, they would just make a MA rating category that contains stuff like that, bellow is a petition that is signed by authors who share the same feelings we do. Read it, Sign it, and Pass it on.

Greetings to the fine folk that moderate our site.

Myself, along with many, have been writing and posting on your fine site for years now, some of the better examples of up and coming writers out there are now suddenly finding some of the stories we've come to love at risk of being removed without the chance to even rectify our errors.

For some, that means the permanent loss of a story. While I don't have anything that I believe violates your terms of use, there are those out there that are never able to recover a story in its original form, this is something I find to be almost worthy of a legal action, as while we cannot claim ownership of a character, the stories are OURS and simply destroying them is something that is inexcusable.

It's quite easy to simply add an MA rating, additional filters or even a simple requirement for a free membership to read the stories presented here, and would cut down on hateful anonymous reviews and posts at the same time, so I have to question as to why such a thing, in all this time, simply wasn't added.

If you're worried about falsification of a registration then have an appropriate disclaimer and then there can be no dispute, you took your steps and the PARENTS didn't monitor their children, if that is even your concern. If it is more of a personal view or desire then please at least let people know and give them a chance to remove a story that you and yours find offensive, most people on the site are actually rather cordial when it comes to such requests.

While I cannot say for sure if this letter will even reach those that may be willing to listen, or if it's more akin to a wide spectrum purge in preparation for something bigger, please understand that you are going to be looseing a LARGE number of your writers, and thus your income from a lack of readers if there is not some level of action taken to help with this situation.

For those that may agree with this, please feel free to sign on and send this to the support server, maybe we can get some movement on this.

Pseudocode_Samurai

Rocketman1728

dracohalo117

VFSNAKE

Agato the Venom Host

Jay Frost

SamCrow

Blood Brandy

Dusk666

Hisea Ori

The Dark Graven

BlackRevenant

Lord Orion Salazar Black

Sakusha Saelbu

Horocrux

socras01

Kumo no Makoto

Biskoff

Korraganitar the NightShadow

NightInk

Lazruth

ragnrock
kyuubi

SpiritWriterXXX

Ace6151

FleeingReality

Harufu

Exiled crow

Slifer1988

Dee Laynter

Angeldoctor

Final Black Getsuga

ZamielRaizunto

Fenris187

blood enraged

arashiXnoXkami

Masane Amaha's King

Blueexorist

Nero Angelo Sparda

Konoha's Nightmare

Gundam Epyion

Gold Testament

Red Warrior of Light

Kamen Rider Chrome

Star AJT 84

Pencils are nice

14. Chapter 14

Chapter 13

Hello, there! Now before you dig out my eyeballs with pointy sticks, I must confess that my laptop broke, and I've been working on paying for a new one. So I finally got one today. Nowâ€œ| SHUT UP AND ENJOY MY STORY!

Disclaimer: See how much I care, good, me neither.

â€œ|..

I don't why the government was so set on having us locked in cages and poked with needles, but I guess that's why they were here. If we didn't warn the Vikings, they were going to be massacred. Giving them the choice between losing their homes and surviving or going down fighting while defending their homes wasn't exactly fair. Especially since we were whole reason they were here in the first place. It would be the right thing for us to just give ourselves up, but believe me when I say this, it is NOT fun at all to have to suffer in the name of "science".

As I transformed into a Night fury, Gretchen finally found me. She stormed into the clearing I was changing in and grabbed my leg. She was very stubborn about finding out who I liked. I quickly changed back into my human form and told her about what I saw. Needless to say, she flipped.

â€œ|

When we finally reached the meeting hall, we found all the Viking teens and the dragon hybrids talking. I found Crusoe talking with June; I ran up to him and told him what I saw. "There is a massive fleet of ships coming towards Berk. We need to warn the Vikings and get them out of here. If we don't they are going to be slaughtered by the guns on those ships." Crusoe and June helped me rally the others and go warn the Vikings.

Convincing the Vikings to leave their homes wasn't easy. Some were reluctant, but knew they needed to leave, or downright stubborn. The ones who refused to leave their homes were left alone, knowing how Vikings normally acted it would be futile to try convince them otherwise. Luckily though, most were ready to leave in under a hour. The Vikings brought their ships around the back of Berk, loaded people onto them, and set sail for Red Death Island.

"Are you sure you're doing the right thing?" a quiet voice asked, I turned to see Solar walking up behind me. Solar was an unusual person. She would disappear for hours at a time, only reappearing at lunch and dinner. She usually ate breakfast before it was even light out. Nobody knew why she acted this way, but we all respected her privacy and never went looking for her.

"I hope so." I answered, "This is the only real solution I can come up with." She gave me a sidelong glance, "Short of giving yourself up you mean." I sighed, "I really don't want to talk about that." Solar did not know much about being a human. Since she was a dragon-born, she rarely understood how human society worked. Once, when she was at lunch, a Viking teenager tried to hit on her, said teenager was in bandages and stiches forâ€¢ well he actually still had to use crutches. After that she had said something about how he smelled.

"Any specific reason?" she persisted, "Are you sure you don't' want to talk about it because you know you'll put more lives at stake by staying with the Vikings?" That girl really knew how to push someone's buttons. "Actually, you just gave me an idea."

â€¢

My plan was simple, so simple it had to work. The idea was to make the fleet that was about to attack Berk split into three smaller groups. To take out each group would be much harder. We hoped that one of the groups would be destroyed by the rocks on Red Death Island, the other, would be led to Fort Sinister, the Roman fort that killed dragons. And finally the last group would be led to Rome itself.

Getting Hiccup and the other Viking teenagers into position was easy. Convincing our own little, phsycopath, Brett, was not. He would constantly find ways to distract him and others from what they were doing. This time he was attempting to juggle three small rocks, only to miss each one as it fell. Sometimes I wonder if he is more normal as a dragon.

Our plan would be put into action any minute, we just had to make sure that everyone was ready.

15. Chapter 15

Chapter 14

AN/ This chapter is a pivotal point in the story, so PAY ATTENTION! Also, I wrote the chapter while listening to linkin park roads untraveled. If you want to get the full feel listen to it while reading this.

â€¢

Our plan was simple. And insane, don't forget insane. The plan was engage the ships that were rapidly approaching Berk in a battle to buy the Vikings time to escape before a nuclear holocaust was unleashed on the island.

The flight towards the ships was over very quickly, the moment we were in range of the nearest battleship, the guns on the boat fired at us, trying to blast us into microscopic pieces. Luckily, the ratio of the guns firing rate and shell size made almost impossible to hit us. We had other things to worry about, mainly the jets that were taking off from the aircraft carriers. They would have an advantage in range and speed, while we were more maneuverable and agile taking turns. We broke formation and engaged them. The first group of jets

was relatively easy to take out, the fog and high winds made it hard for them to focus on more than one of us at a time. The second was much harder, having learned from the previous groups mistake, split up and took us on one at a time. I chose the lead fighter, diving at him from above and blasting him with blue and purple balls of fire, it didn't take long for me to send him crashing into the ocean. June and Crusoe made short work of the two fighters that came flying towards them, trying to hit them with missiles and gun fire. They attacked one fighter, June somehow managed to latch onto the fighter's wing and work her way up to the cockpit. Tearing her way inside, she grabbed the pilot with her foreleg and threw him towards the ground. I was almost relieved to see a parachute pop up from the pilot's back.

Solar and I dove toward the nearest ship, an aircraft carrier, covered in planes and people rushing back and forth preparing planes for take off. As Solar dived towards the ship, the two huge guns on the ship swiveled towards us intent on blowing us out of the sky. Just when I thought we were done for, Solar let lose a blast that went straight down the barrel of one of the guns, probably igniting the stacks of ammunition inside. The explosion nearly ripped the carrier in half, igniting the fully fueled aircraft on the deck. The battle was far from over though; five more aircraft carriers and two battleships were making their way towards Berk. With June, Gretchen and Crusoe defending against the jets, and Brett and Luke defending Berk, there was no way we would be able to stop all of them. We would only be able to stall them. They had the advantage of shear numbers and power to overwhelm and destroy us. The only way for us to beat them was to strategize, if we could make it back to the present, we could expose them to the public and make them release the dragons they were keeping in the present and remove military base from the Vikings' era. But the only portal was at the island near Fort Sinister, nearly a hundred miles from Berk. We would have to abandon the Vikings temporarily. I roared to the other hybrids to let them know we were falling back. Reluctantly, they followed me, not wanting to give up on the Vikings.

â€|

After we had regrouped at the village, I explained my plan. "We need more than brute strength in this situation." I said, "We have to expose them to the people." My idea was crazy almost as crazy as my first idea had been. "Exactly how are we going to get out of here," Crusoe asked "The only functioning portal is on a military base filled with army troops, not to mention the fleet of ships between us and the island." He had made an excellent point, one I couldn't argue with. "We will have to think of something, because the fate of the world may depend on us." Crusoe looked confused, "What are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about how the time of Vikings being interfered with might affect the present." I explained to him. Solar looked as if she didn't have a clue what was being talked about, Brett was asleep, but the others were staring at me with frowns on their faces. "We need to leave soon, everyone needs to gather supplies for the journey ahead."

AN: this entire chapter was written by SwiftslashxLeafstorm. She gets full credit for 95% of this chapter. I added a couple tweaks, but this is her chapter.

Xxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxxx

Chapter 16

The plan was ready for action. It had to work. This one, this time, had to work. We split up into two groups, Gretchen and I being the captains of each team. Solar, Brett and I were on one team. We transformed into our dragon forms after gathering the supplies necessary for the journey. There were many flat cliff tops on Berk, but we chose a rocky pile overlooking where the still-flaming aircraft carrier floated in the rough waters, it's engine stalled and it's rudder busted by a blast near the control room. Our scales blended amongst the rocks, but none more so than Solar. She looked more natural in that form, like it was the real her. I let out a sigh. I guess that it is her real form, really. She was dragon-born, older than us, slightly, but that still didn't count for the strangeness of her. Brett padded away to patrol the area for hazards, sneaking off into the bush like a shadow.

Solar turned to look at me with a serious yet confused look in her blue-green eyes.

"What were you talking about before?" she asked, settling down on a small nest of rocks she had just heated with a plasma bolt of flame.

"You mean, about affecting the past and present?" She nodded, large tailfins sweeping around to rest just in front of her face. I glanced across to the horizon, towards Fort Sinister, where we were heading.

"The people we were fighting came from the future. It's the future government that want us. Because we're hybrids, a mix of both dragon and human. The government is trying to capture all the dragons on Berk - including us - and take them back to the future, where they can experiment on them." Solar's eyes were wide, but not with horror or fear. She seemed to just absorb the knowledge without reaction. Truly strange.

"That doesn't matter, I was confused about the past affecting the future. The future can't change. It would have already happened in the past, right? So whatever future you were living in then, it will always be the future. Otherwise, you would never exist in the first place, and none of this would have happened. So, you have won, haven't you... or not..." Solar flicked her gaze towards the open seas, tucked her wings onto her back and slipped her tail between a crack along the rocks.

"I'll watch," she proclaimed flatly.

I was disheartened by the brief conversation we had just had. Solar still felt like an outsider, even with us. She didn't seem to understand real emotion. Stress and extreme pain would break her down, and she would block out the world. But I wasn't sure she was a good addition to our team.

The words she had spoken were wise, but confusing. She was a loner, and the knowledge she had bestowed upon us was odd, twistedly so. I was just settling down when I heard a noise, a crack of a branch and a sharp intake of breath. I was up in moments, whipping around and growling softly. Solar looked up from her watch. Both our pupils were narrowed to slits. We were ready for a fight.

"It's just me guys," came Brett's voice from the trees. He came out of the bracken leading a very embarrassed-looking girl behind him. Gretchen.

Brett curled beside Solar, who absentmindedly placed one wing over the other dragon's warm body. Gretchen walked up to me, transforming as she did so, and sheepishly lay down in amongst the rocks beside me, were I lay down and smiled. No words were said, none were needed. We pressed close together, warned tenfold by each other. I slowly drifted off to sleep, with my band of hybrids and a newly discovered loner watching over my peaceful night.

Dreams have never been easy for me. Oftentimes, they were filled with fleeting touches, odd smells and sounds, and the occasional memory. Tonight's dream was not a dream, but a nightmare. I dreamed I was strapped down on a table, surgeons and doctors hovering over me. I twisted my head to the left, to see Gretchen's face. Her eyes dull and glassy, and her mouth gaped in a never-ending silent scream of pain. I tried yelling her name, but no sound came out. I looked down at my own body, and saw surgeons preparing to slice into my chest. I thrashed and squirmed, trying to get free, then one of the surgeons picked up a syringe and injected me with a liquid that made my entire body go numb.

I jerked awake, panting and shaking. When I saw Gretchen lying beside me, I relaxed slightly. Seeing her there helped me remember that it was just a bad dream. Just a bad dream. Hopefully, it would stay that way.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

There you have it folks! Special thanks to SwiftslashxLeafstorm for the help on the chapter! Watcher out!

End
file.